

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mitcheefes.

Exeunt

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army, Titinius
and Pindarus meete them.

Brus. Stand ho.

Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand.

Brus. What now Lucillius, is Cassius heere?

Lucil. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Brus. He greets me well. Your Master Pindarus
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me some worthy cause to wist
Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt

But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brus. He is not doubted. A word Lucillius
How herecei'd you: let me be resolu'd.

Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old.

Brus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note Lucillius,
When Loue begins to sicken and decay
It vseth an enforced Ceremony.

There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Iades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with Cassius.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Brus. Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him.

Cass. Stand ho.

Brus. Stand ho, speake the word along.

Stand.

Stand.

Stand.

Cass. Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.
Brus. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cass. Brutus, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

Brus. Cassius, be content,
Speake your griefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent Cassius enlarge your Greefes,
And I will giue you Audience.

Cass. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Brus. Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our doore. Exeunt
Manet Brutus and Cassius.

Cass. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appeare in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted Lucius Pella

For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Brus. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.
Cass. In such a time as this, it is not meet

That euery nice offence should beare his Comment,
Brus. Let me tell you Cassius, you your selfe,

Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeseruers.

Cass. I, an itching Palme?

You know that you are Brutus that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Brus. The name of Cassius Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cass. Chastisement?

Brus. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great Iulius bleed for Iustice sake?

What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,

That stricke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,

Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors

For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,

Then such a Roman.

Cass. Brutus, baite not me,
He not indure it: you forget your selfe

To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe

To make Conditions.

Brus. Go too: you are not Cassius.

Cass. I am.

Brus. I say, you are not.

Cass. Virge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Brus. Away slight man.

Cass. Is't possible?

Brus. Heare me, for I will speake,
Must I giue way, and roome to your rash Choller?

Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cass. O ye Gods, O ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Brus. All this? It is: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaue, how Chollericke you are,

And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch

Vnder your Testie Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene

Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
He vse you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter

When you are Waspish.

Cass. Is it come to this?

Brus. You say, you are a better Souldier:

Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. In mine owne part,

I shall be glad to learne of N.

Cass. You wrong me euery way.

You wrong me Brutus:

I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.

Did I say Better?

Brus. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When Caesar liu'd, he durst not thus haue mou'd

Brus. Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him.

(me.

Cass.

Cass. I durst not.

Brus. No.

Cass. What? durst not tempt him?

Brus. For your life you durst not.

Cass. Do not presume too much vpon my Loue,
Imay do that I shall be sorry for.

Brus. You haue done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror Cassius in your threats:

For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,

That they passe by me, as the idle winde,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,

For I can raise no money by vile meanes:

By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,

And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring

From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send

To you for Gold to pay my Legions,

Which you deny'd me: was that done like Cassius?

Should I haue answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grooves for Couetous,

To locke such Rascall Counters from his Friends,

Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,

Dash him to peeces.

Cass. I deny'd you not.

Brus. You did.

Cass. I did not. He was but a Foole

That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riu'd my hart:

A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;

But Brutus makes mine greater then they are.

Brus. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cass. You loue me not.

Brus. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.

Brus. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare

As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come Antony, and yong Octavius come,

Revenge your selues alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is a-weary of the World:

Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,

Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,

Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate

To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe

My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,

And heere my naked Breast: Within a Heart

Deerer then Pluto's Mine, Richer then Gold:

If that thou bee't a Roman, take it forth.

I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:

Strike as thou did'st at Caesar: For I know,

When thou did'st hate him worst, & loued'st him better

Then euer thou loued'st Cassius.

Brus. Sheath your Dagger:

Beangry when you will, it shall haue scope:

Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a Lambe

That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,

Who much inforced, shewes a hastie Sparke,

And strait is cold agen.

Cass. Hath Cassius liu'd

To be but Mirth and Laughter to his Brutus,

When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?

Brus. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cass. Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand.

Brus. And my heart too.

Cass. O Brutus!

Brus. What's the matter?

Cass. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull.

Brus. Yes Cassius, and from henceforth

When you are ouer-earnest with your Brutus,

Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you so.

Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,

There is some grudge betwene 'em, 'tis not meete

They be alone.

Lucil. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you meane?

Loue, and be Friends, as two such men should bee,

For I haue seene more yeeres I me sure then yee.

Cas. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?

Brus. Get you hence sirra: Sawcy fellow, hence.

Cas. Beare with him Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

Brus. He know his humor, when he knowes his time:

What should the Warres do with these liggig Fooles?

Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away be gone. Exit Poet

Brus. Lucillius and Titinius bid the Commanders

Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cas. And come your selues, & bring Messala with you

Immediately to vs.

Brus. Lucius, a bowle of Wine.

Cas. I did not thinke you could haue bin so angry.

Brus. O Cassius, I am sicke of many greefes.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no vse,

If you giue place to accidentall euils.

Brus. No man beares sorrow better. Portia is dead.

Cas. Had Portia?

Brus. She is dead.

Cas. How scap'd I killing, when I crost you so?

O insupportable, and touching losse!

Vpon what sicknesse?

Brus. Impatient of my absence,

And greefe, that yong Octavius with Mark Antony

Haue made themselues so strong: For with her death

That tydings came. With this (he fell distra'd,

And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Brus. Euen so.

Cas. O ye immortall Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Brus. Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,

In this I bury all vnkindnesse Cassius. Drinke!

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.

Fill Lucius, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:

I cannot drinke too much of Brutus loue.

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Brutus. Come in Titinius:

Welcome good Messala:

Now sit we close about this Taper heere,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Brus. No more I pray you.

Messala, I haue heere receiued Letters,

That yong Octavius, and Marke Antony

Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,

Bending their Expedition toward Philippi.